

STORY OF

ATARI™

Breakout™

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## Story of SUPER BREAKOUT

This is your ATARI SUPER BREAKOUT Read-Along Book. Every time you hear this sound . . . . , it means it's time to turn the page. Now we are ready to begin. Open your book and we will start the story, and remember when you hear the sound, turn the page.



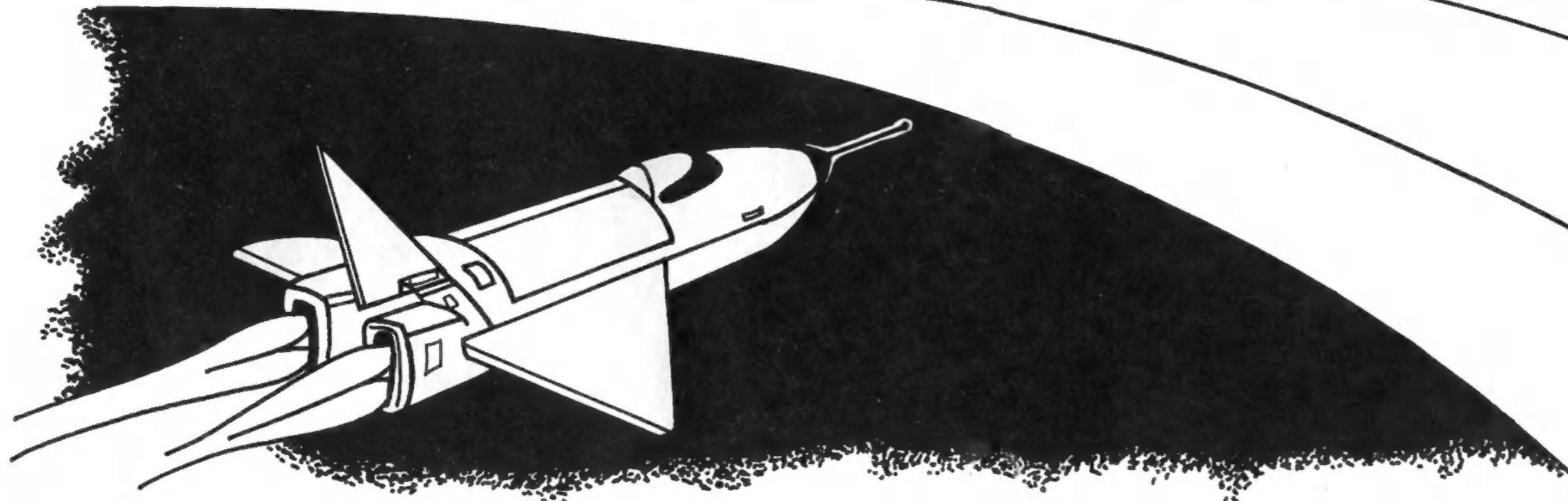
It started out as a routine mission for the space shuttle Adventure. Its job was to haul two-million-ton loads of high-grade ore from the titanium mines of Io, Jupiter's first moon. The craft had almost arrived at its destination, New California, the space center orbiting Venus. Captain John Stewart Chang, the only human on board, was relieved to be nearing home since an asteroid shower had depleted his reserves of air and fuel.



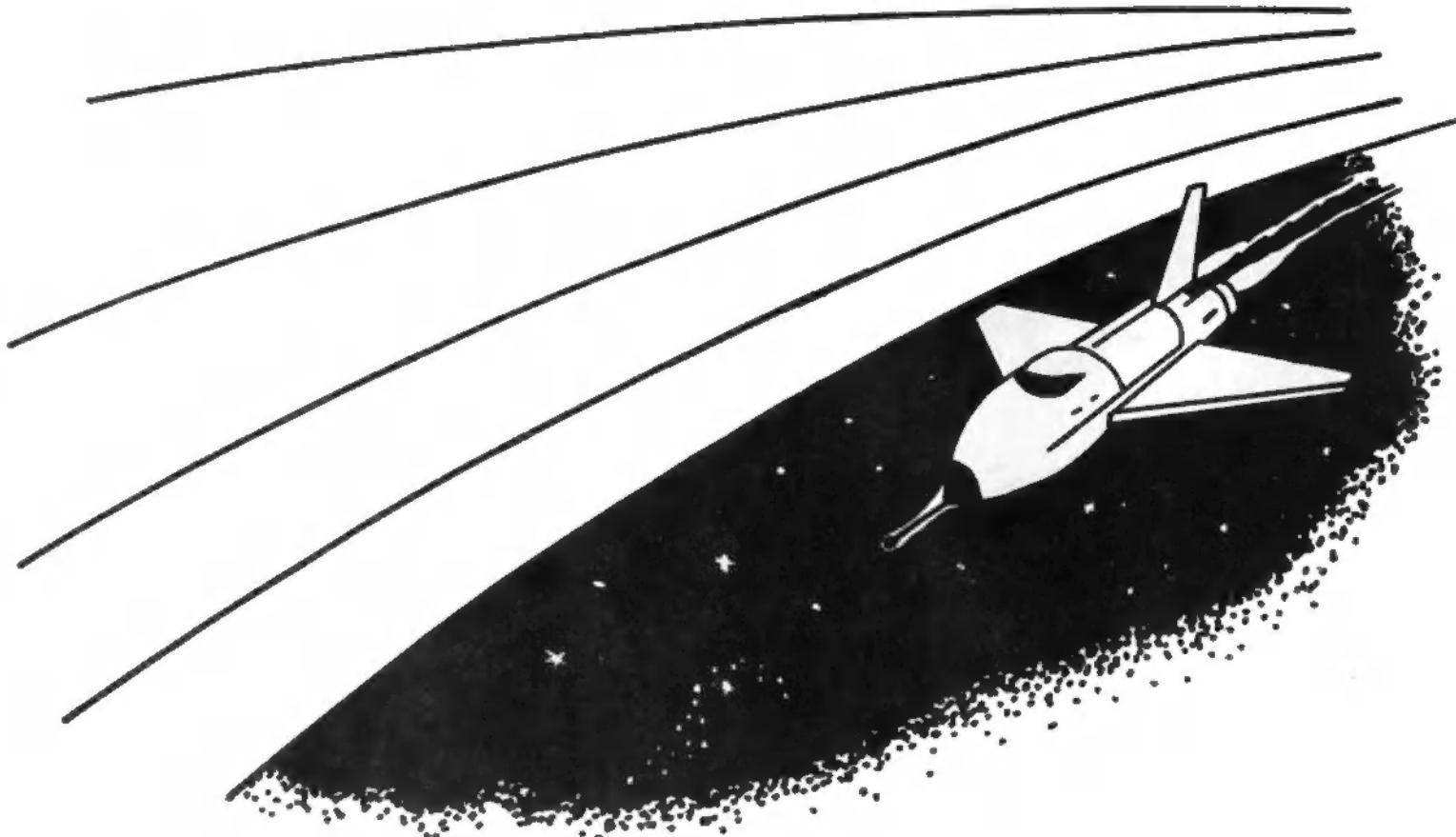
He was about to call the base when suddenly, without warning, there was a brilliant light straight ahead. He checked the radar screen. Nothing. Pretty soon there was another flash, and another. The next thing Chang knew the flashes had joined together to form a gigantic force field of some kind. He checked the radar screen again, and there was still nothing. He questioned the Adventure's computer guidance system about the source and composition of the field. The answer was "nature unknown."

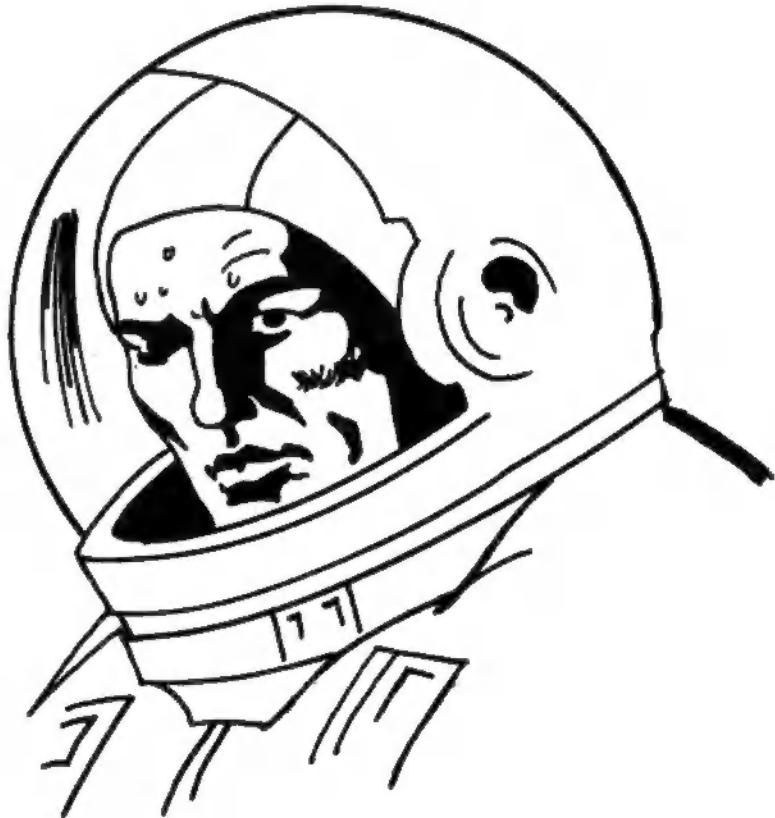
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Captain Chang gazed out at the dazzlingly beautiful layers of color: green, purple, blue, and red. What could it mean that nothing appeared on the radar? Was it possible to travel through the field or would he crash and be destroyed? And what about the layers? If he made it through one, could he make it through the next? It was time for a decision.



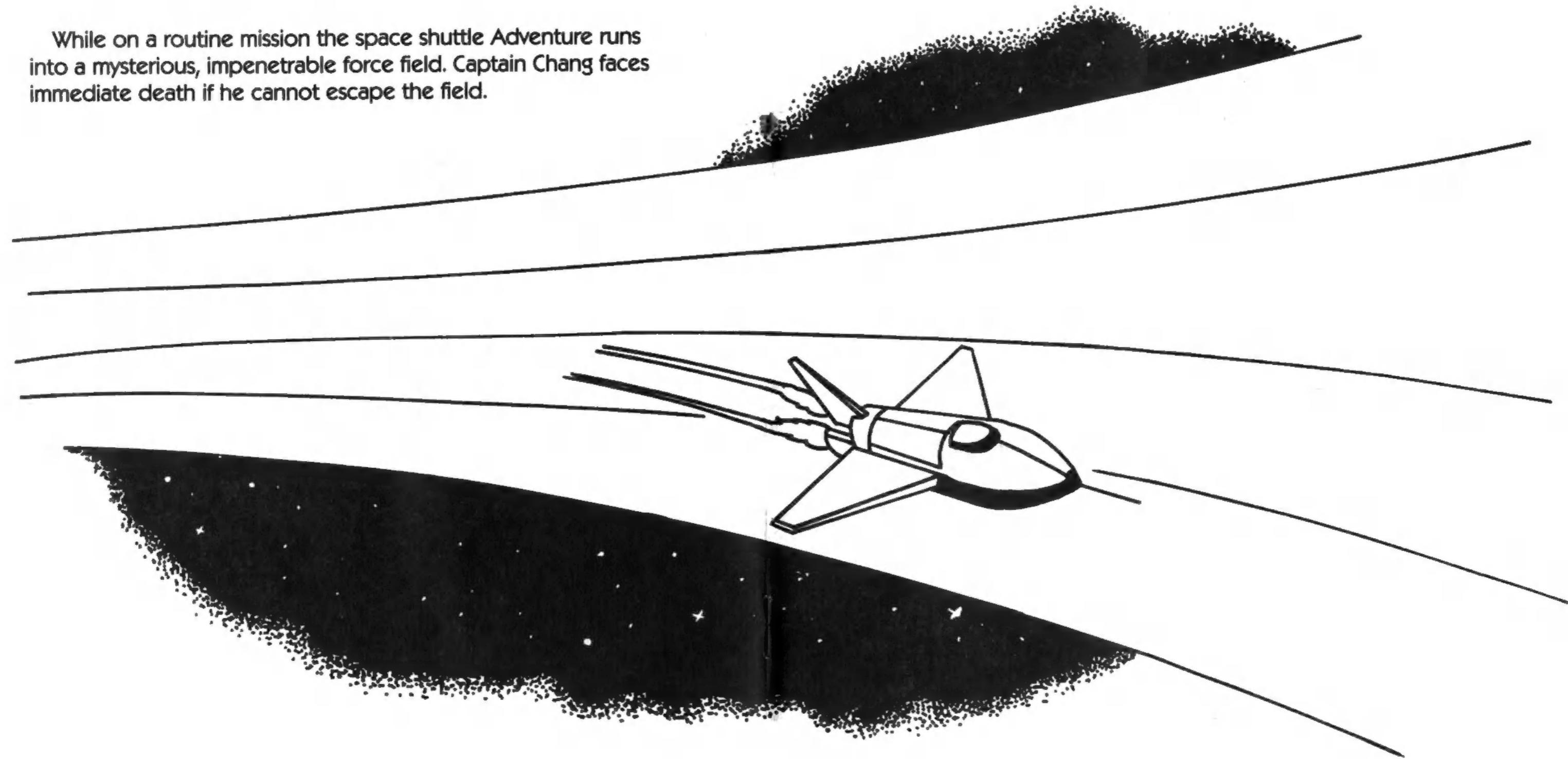
Chang ordered the Adventure to outflank the field. He sped along its borders searching for a gap, but the field extended in every direction as far as he could travel. He tried to contact New California on the communicator, but was unable to get through. Angry and frustrated, he was now beginning to be frightened. He did not know how long his meager supplies would last him. Chang did not need a computer to tell him that he had to blast his way through the mysterious force field with his missiles of white light. It was to be a race against time.





Perspiration rolled off Chang's forehead as he ordered the missile guidance system to move into place. His breathing was slow and labored as he noticed how low the ship was in oxygen. And it was becoming chilly in the normally comfortable cabin. The Captain was facing the most serious crisis in his twelve years as a pilot. Suddenly the field started to move toward him at an alarming rate. Captain Chang didn't know if he should retreat or trust in his weapons. What should he do?

While on a routine mission the space shuttle Adventure runs into a mysterious, impenetrable force field. Captain Chang faces immediate death if he cannot escape the field.



Chang opened fire with a missile of white light. He had only three missiles in his arsenal; he had to make each count. A hit! The bolt made contact with the green layer of the field and chipped at it till it struck the purple layer beneath. Then it bounced off the field back at the Adventure. The gleaming metal hull acted as a reflector and catapulted the missile at the field.

The captain realized that if he aimed correctly and managed to recover his missiles, he might be able to clear a pathway through the field. If only the ball of light would now hit the purple. But no! The missile hit the green again, making another chink in the colored wall before it soared back to the shuttle. And this time the Adventure did not find the missile, which disappeared into space.



An alarm rang loudly, warning that the ship's supply of air and fuel had reached critical levels. Was he going to be able to break through in time? He shot his second missile. The gleaming ball of white light struck the purple and in turn penetrated to the blue layer beneath that, before it came back at the ship. This time Chang made sure that the Adventure was there for the missile, which bounced off of it and struck the green layer and eventually the purple and finally the blue, chipping away at that until it reached the bottom layer, the red, before the ship at last failed to make contact.

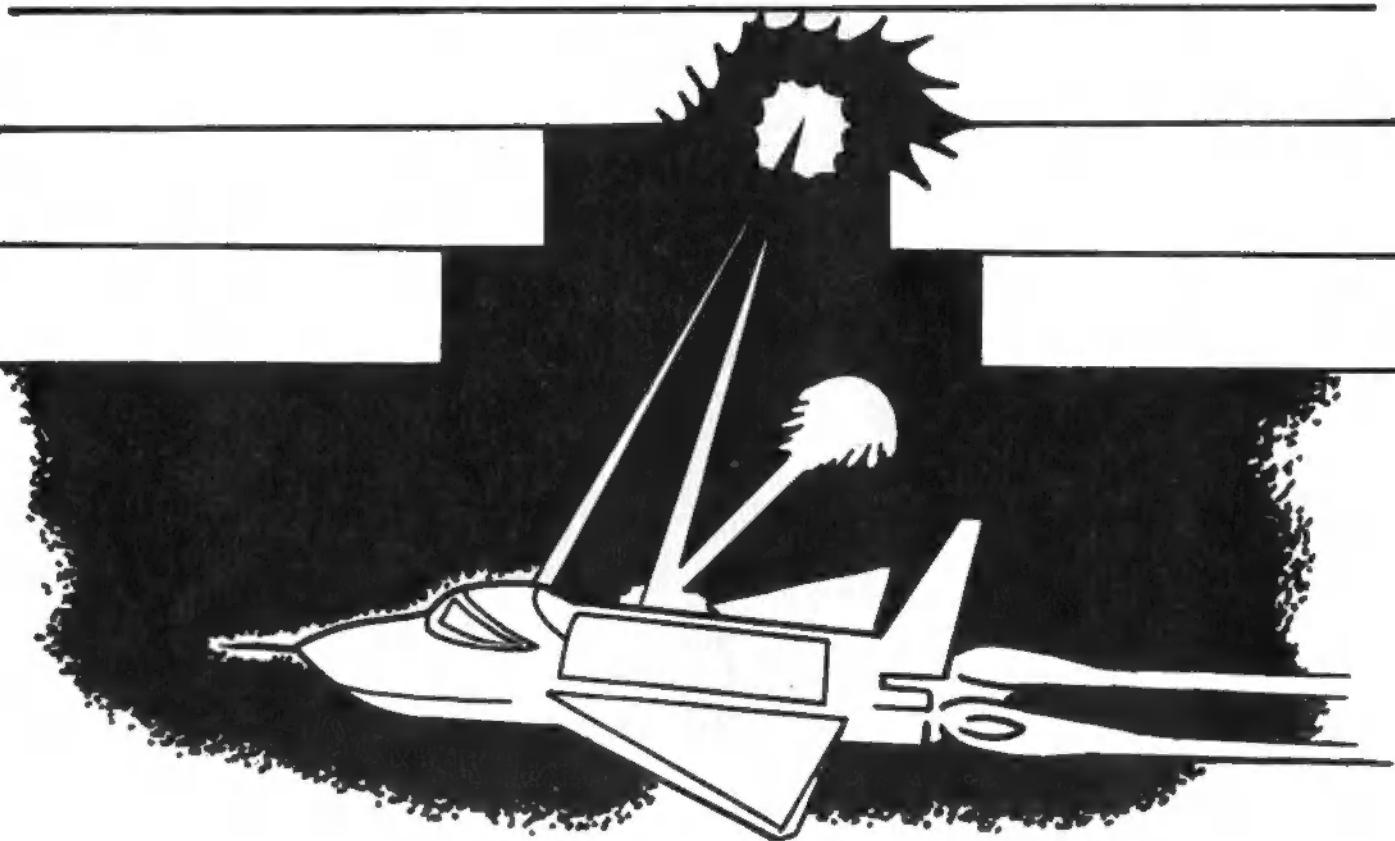
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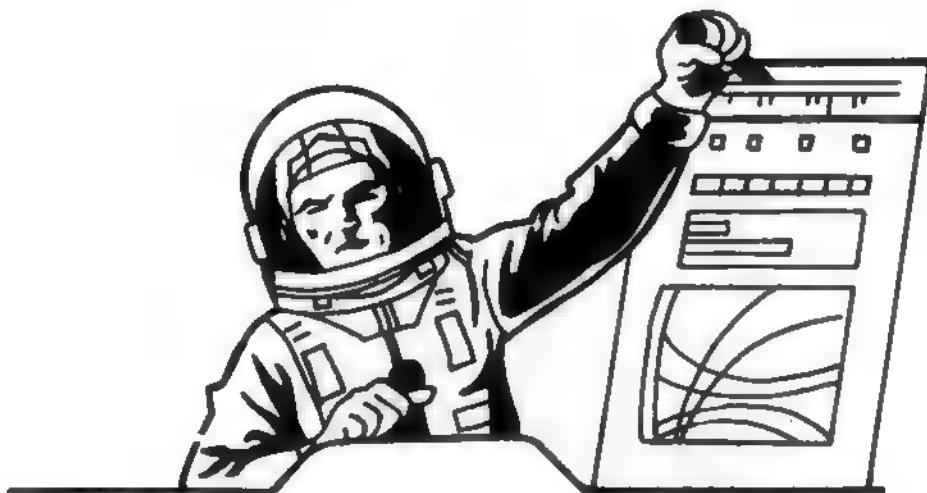
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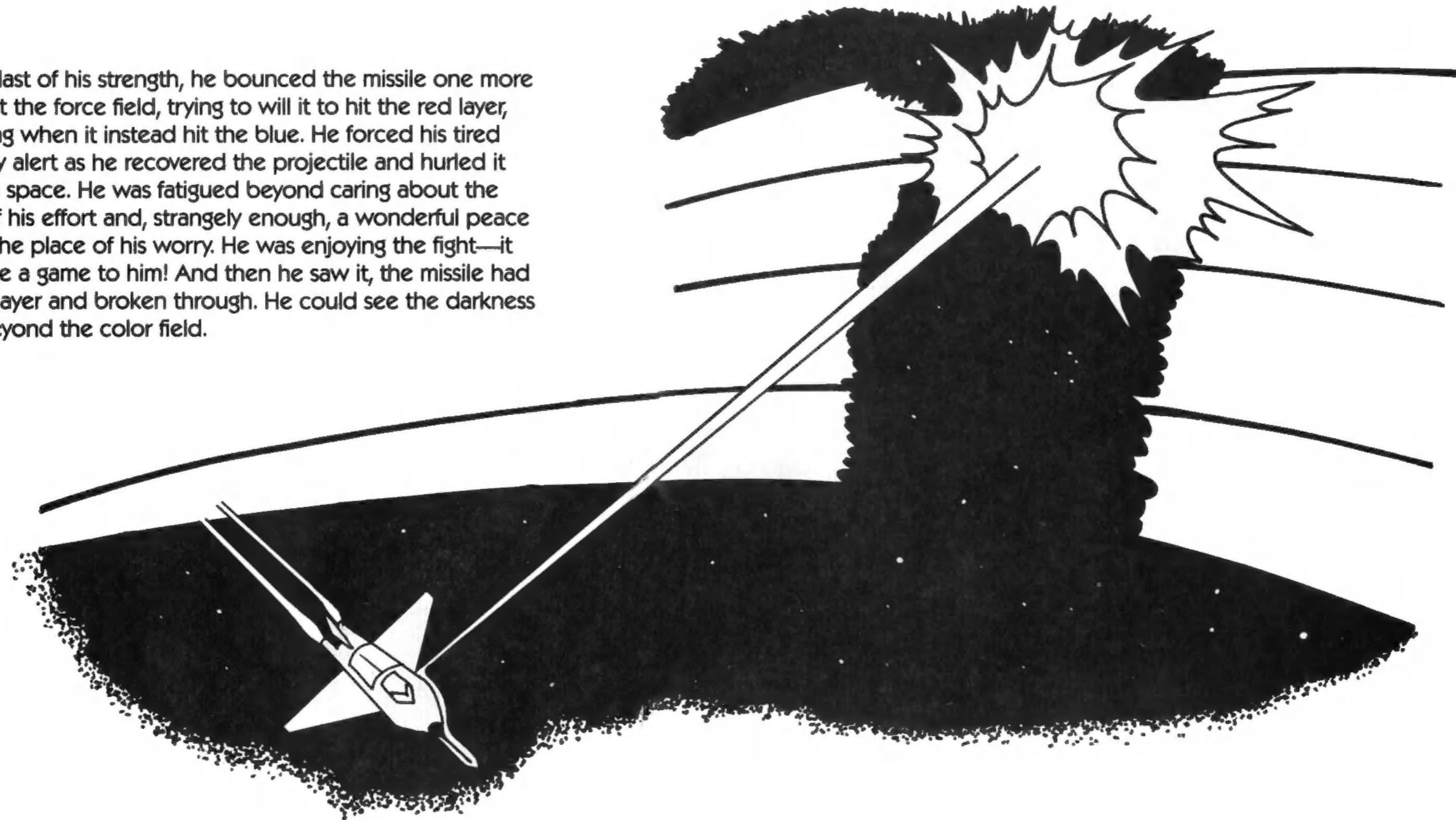


He had only one missile left. Chang was worried that he would not be able to make it. To make matters worse the field started to advance toward him again and threatened to engulf his ship. He shot his last bolt, aiming it carefully at the breach he had already made down to the bottom red layer. Instead he hit the top green layer. No time for regrets; he had to recover the missile or die. He recovered and shot it back at the red, this time hitting the blue, which reflected it back for another volley.



The battle went on like this for a long time. Chang was gasping for breath and felt the deathly cold even through the excitement of his struggle to live. He realized he had only a precious few minutes.

With the last of his strength, he bounced the missile one more time back at the force field, trying to will it to hit the red layer, almost crying when it instead hit the blue. He forced his tired mind to stay alert as he recovered the projectile and hurled it back across space. He was fatigued beyond caring about the outcome of his effort and, strangely enough, a wonderful peace had taken the place of his worry. He was enjoying the fight—it had become a game to him! And then he saw it, the missile had hit the red layer and broken through. He could see the darkness of space beyond the color field.



He had to aim his ship through the breach in the field and make his way to the other side before the field closed up again. He knew he could do it, he was convinced of it! He was willing to use his last reserves of energy and air, and his body's own strength to reach New California. He was doing it, breaking through, he had won! What a triumph for a son of earth, for Captain John Stewart Chang!



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